THE New Republic

Promising Senatorial Candidates

Pages 13-16

The Road to the Moon

A Conversation with Wernher Von Braun

By HENRY BRANDON

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Washington Wire

After November

LET'S ASSUME the Democrats win a big victory three weeks hence. Chances are good this will happen—anyway, let's assume it.

Thirty more Democrats in the House and eight or 10, say, in the Senate could work wonders on key legislation. Federal-aid-to-education, for example, failed in the House last year by only five votes. No doubt of it, a tip in party balance could make a big difference.

But there's a difficulty. Forces will go to work immediately to try to insulate and wall off a new election mandate. This will not be confined to Republicans (who are already chanting "socialism"). Do you suppose racist Democrat Eastland, chairman of the powerful Senate Judiciary Committee, wants a Democratic sweep? Of course not! Nor Byrd of Virginia, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee.

New Democrats will almost certainly come from outside the South. The South has reached Democratic saturation already. The newcomers will be to the left of the South's viewpoint. They could, with proper leadership, give us one of the most progressive Congressional blocs since the New Deal.

But what will these newcomers encounter? Three out of four committee chairmen will be from the South. Committees run Congress, and the chairmen run the committees. Chairmen are picked by seniority, not ability. When Truman won in 1948 he found 75 percent of the committee heads were anti-Truman Dixiecrats.

A bigger liberal bloc could make it uncomfortable for the South. They will bear down on the civil rights issue. In the Senate, it is known already, there will be a big fight right at the start to repeal the filibuster rule. It will be the closest battle yet. Very likely the Democrats will split.

Will the South bolt? There is less chance of it than ever. Where would the South go? Not to the Republicans. And both Franklin Roosevelt and Truman showed that the Democrats could win the Presidency without the South. The Eastlands and Byrds have every reason to keep their party membership cards—and chairmanships. Times have changed. It used to be that the South threatened to bolt. Now the threat one hears is the other way—to throw the South out.

Turn to the Right

ONE MORE POINT about this hypothetical Democratic "sweep." It means trouble for Eisenhower. While chances of victory are making the Democrats more liberal, chances of defeat are making the GOP more conservative. The whole present GOP election campaign is on a conservative level. They are fighting Truman again. This is natural really: Nixon and the others are trying to scare the GOP fat-cats into giving more money; they are raising the Halloween ghosts of Socialism and Walter Reuther. And businessmen and GOP money-raisers in turn recognize the party is in a tough spot; they are calling in their first mortgage to make sure that "modern Republicanism" is evicted.

A Democratic sweep means that partisanship in the next Congress will be accentuated. Party positions are growing stronger; the prize of the 1960 election comes closer and the awe of Eisenhower fades. A divided government two years before a Presidential election often means stalemate, as it did in Hoover's unhappy day.

Lull in Quemoy

SO FAR AS ONE can see here, the Administration has not used the golden opportunity of the lull in the Quemoy bombardment to try to achieve disengagement. Dulles would like to get off the hook. He and the President have gone so far as to say the concentration of Nationalist troops in Quemoy was "foolish." But beyond that—there is Chiang and there is the election! Either would make it uncomfortable for the Administration if it tried to disentangle itself. The tendency is to coast along and hope for the best. The Chinese Communists retain their initiative. They can turn the war on or off at will.

Prejudice in Politics

RELIGIOUS PREJUDICE is a disagreeable subject. We shall probably test out in the next few years how deep it runs politically in America. Senator John Kennedy (D, Mass.) almost won the Vice Presidential nomination in 1956 and is out stumping the country now with an eye on '60. He seems a favorite in the South, incidentally, which indicates a surprising change of sentiment since Al Smith's day.

Prominent Catholic candidates for governor this fall include Pat Brown and David Lawrence of California and Pennsylvania. Minnesota's McCarthy and Michigan's Lieutenant-governor Phil Hart meanwhile seek respective Senate seats. All are Democrats.

Prejudice isn't all on one side. It played a big part in the support given to Joe McCarthy. It was mixed up there with a status-push in the newer elements of the population and the probably subconscious desire to show that they were as patriotic as the old. Many Catholics undoubtedly feel discriminated against.This has not been overcome by Catholic control of politics in many Eastern towns and cities. The statistics show that Catholics still have a substantially smaller representation in Congress than their population would seem to indicate.

Why is this? Well, many Catholics live in big cities and cities are discriminated against all over the United States in the allocation of Congressional seats to the advantage of rural areas. This pro-farm bias is a scandal of American politics, but it has only indirect application to religious and racial matters.

With 103 million church members in America, Catholics claim 34.5 million or about one third. In the House of Representatives there are 84 Catholics, or one-fifth the membership, and in the Senate only 11, or one-ninth. There is only one Catholic on the nine-man Supreme Court. Mr. Justice Brennan (I am told by officials of the Court) is only the sixth Catholic to serve in its long history. Two of his religious predecessors, incidentally, were Chief Justices: Taney and White.

T.R.B.

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Correspondence

► *Neuberger on Tax Cuts*

SIRS:

IN *The New Republic* of September 22, I am listed as having cast a "minus" vote in the Senate because I voted against across-the-board reductions in the income tax and other Federal revenues. Perhaps your readers may be interested

(Continued on page 24)

Poland Two Years After

TWO YEARS AGO, on October 20, 1956, Wladyslaw Gomulka, freshly re-elected first secretary of the Polish Communist Party, addressed its Central Committee on the "Polish Road to Socialism." The day before he had rejected the attempt of a surprise delegation of the Soviet Communist Party, headed by Mr. Khrushchev, to intervene in the discussions of the Polish Central Committee and in particular to prevent the removal of the Soviet Marshal Rokossovsky from the Polish Politburo; and he had countered the threat of intervention by Soviet troops by throwing a ring of Polish security forces around Warsaw, and by distributing arms to its workers.

In 1958, Mr. Gomulka and his associates are celebrating the anniversary of these events as Khrushchev's guests in Moscow: they have been invited to come there *before* their impending Central Committee meeting to talk things over among friends—and they have not declined. There could be no more striking symbol of how Polish sovereignty, seemingly regained with a single stroke, has been gradually whittled down again over the past two years. How has it happened? And how much truth is there in the bitter Warsaw reply to the stranger inquiring what had really changed since 1956 —the one word reply: "Gomulka"?

In fact, Gomulka has changed very little. He has always, consistently and honestly, believed in two incompatible things: Communist Party rule in Poland, and national independence from Russia. He came to power in a situation when the party rule was profoundly shaken by a revolutionary movement which accepted him as a symbol of national independence despite his belief in party rule. Since then, he has cautiously but steadily striven to restore and consolidate the rule of the Communist Party and has thus unwittingly but effectively helped to reduce once again his country's freedom of action, and his own. For Polish independence, inasmuch as it had been regained, rested on the balancing of Soviet pressure by the counterpressure of the non-Communist and even anti-Communist forces of the Polish nation; while Communist rule could only be restored by the party's leaning increasingly on the one force that had brought it into being—Soviet power.

Gomulka had not, of course, been so naïve as to believe that a Communist Poland could renounce the Soviet alliance; while the present military division of Europe lasts, that alliance is dictated by the facts of geography. If he had held any illusions on that score, the Hungarian tragedy would have undeceived him within a few weeks of his accession to power. But he set himself the aim of putting the alliance on a new basis of equality; he successfully renegotiated the conditions under which Soviet troops were stationed on Polish soil as well as the terms of Soviet-Polish economic exchanges, he sent home many (though not all) of the Soviet officers who had been holding key commands of the Polish army, and he made a point of dealing even in military matters bilaterally with the Soviet army rather

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than with the High Command of the Warsaw Pact.

The Soviets in turn played an extremely cautious waiting game. They avoided all open criticism of Gomulka, confining occasional press attacks to political and literary exponents of "revisionist" views. By the spring of 1957, when they felt sure that Gomulka was seriously concerned both to maintain the alliance and to restore party power, the Russians ceased to encourage his Stalinist opponents. Only after a full year, when they judged he had already burned his bridges to the "revisionists" by reimposing a censorship and closing down some of their press organs, did Khrushchev start to put pressure on him. At the conference of ruling Communist parties held on the occasion of the 40th anniversary of the Bolshevik seizure of power last November, Gomulka found himself isolated in the face of Mao Tse-tung's demand for a recognition of Soviet leadership of the "socialist camp" and the world Communist movement. Gomulka was unable to gain major amendments to the Declaration of Principles which sanctioned that leadership on a basically common road to "socialism." As he could not risk excommunication, he had to sign.

Even then, Gomulka did not abandon the effort to retain some freedom of action for Poland *within* the alliance, and to influence Soviet foreign policy in that interest. Early this year, the Polish diplomatic initiative for military disengagement in Europe known as the "Rapacki Plan," conceived on lines acceptable to the Soviets and in fact accepted by them, was at the same time clearly intended to start the kind of East-West dialogue which, even if the Western powers rejected the original plan, might lead to a loosening up of the rigid fronts in Europe and thus to greater elbow room for Poland. Again, the Soviets quietly looked on while the Poles multiplied the private feelers by which they sought to interpret their moves to the West; but when the West failed to respond, they moved decisively to whip the Poles completely into line.

The crisis came in the spring of this year. In March, Gomulka had still raised difficulties about the resurrection of an international Communist journal that might interfere with his party's autonomy, and Khrushchev had responded by encouraging new attacks on Gomulka inside Poland, backed by hints of economic trouble. In April, the conflict over the Yugoslav party program was used to force a reluctant Gomulka to cancel the promised delegation to the Yugoslavian party congress. By the end of May, the Poles were ripe to attend the first full meeting of the Warsaw Pact Council since October, 1956, and to listen to the Russian commander-in-chief they had tried to ignore; they also subscribed to a joint directive of all Soviet-bloc Communist parties, instructing their economic planners to speed the building of an interdependent structure within the countries of the bloc. One month later, Gomulka finally, under massive pressure, had publicly to defend the execution of Imre Nagy as an "internal Hungarian affair" and to affirm, in criticism of the Yugoslavs, that no nation could build socialism without the backing of the mighty Soviet Union.

Domestically, Gomulka has thus far succeeded in preserving a higher degree of autonomy, but it is becoming clearer that this amounts to little more than his right to determine himself, without outside prodding, the tactics and the pace for first consolidating and then further developing the Communist Party state. That right is today enjoyed also by his "Stalinist" neighbors in Prague and East-Berlin; the fact that Gomulka has had the good sense to move at a more cautious pace in Poland does not alter the fact that he is now travelling steadily in the same direction. And it is not in the direction of wider personal freedoms and national independence which seemed possible when *The New Republic's* editor reported from Warsaw 3 months after Gomulka came to power.

In fact, Gomulka has restored Communist Party power in Poland from its state of near-dissolution two years ago with remarkable skill; by now, the ferment and revolutionary intoxication of the October days of 1956 have given place to cynicism and apathy. The freedom of the printed word was the first of the October achievements to disappear beginning with the newspapers and spreading to literature with a political content—though there is still a freedom of the artistic form and of the spoken word inconceivable in Russia and the satellites proper. The workers' right to strike, granted in the face of a tidal wave of spontaneous action, has been whittled down again to insignificant exceptions; the workers' councils, once viewed as the harbingers of a new type of democratic socialism, have been replaced by bodies controlled by party discipline and intended to assist management. The police, including the secret police, are functioning again and are no longer afraid of the people — even though they have not recovered the arbitrary and uncontrolled power they exercised in Stalin's time; the party has not experienced a revival of its faith, but it has recovered confidence in its power, and it is increasingly in Gomulka's grip.

There remain two achievements which differ not only from the Stalinist period, but from present-day Russia. One is Gomulka's agreement with the Catholic Church, assuring the autonomy of the hierarchy and the right of religious instruction in state schools; this is likely to remain in force—recent clashes about the decoration of schoolrooms with crucifixes and the right of members of religious orders to give school instruction do not denote the regime's intention to abolish these concessions, but to restrict them to what is inevitable in a country of believers. The other is the dissolution of most of the collective farms and the rejection of forced collectivization. This

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means not that the goal of collectivization has been abandoned for good, but that Gomulka is giving priority to immediate output over changes in the social structure, and is willing to rely on economic factors (such as the drawbacks of excessive subdivision of land in some areas), combined with the educational effect of looser forms of cooperation, to bring about a gradual return to collective farms without damage to production. These concessions are important, but they are no longer founded in a difference either in ultimate power within the country or in its power relation to the Soviet Union—and therefore even these remaining advantages are no longer secure.

Iraq's Middle Course

THE NEW regime in Iraq is tacking to and fro on a middle course that does not please Nasser's United Arab Republic. Even before Iraq's new ruler, Brigadier Abdel Kerim Qassim, quashed the pro-Egyptians to the Right of him at the beginning of this month, posters bearing his photograph had disappeared from the shopwindows in Syria. He must have reckoned with this loss of favor when he made the shifts in his cabinet.

The boldest of these, because it struck at an army colleague, was the demotion of his deputy commander-in-chief, Colonel Abdel Salam Aref. Qassim felt strong enough to order Aref into a civilian suit, deprive him of two ministries and name him ambassador to Bonn. (It remains to be seen whether Aref will take up this post.) Aref's failing had been a degree of pro-Egyptian demagoguery that was too violent for most Iraqis to swallow, and a bore. Actually, all Iraqis want to be kin to the Greater Arab Nation that Nasser now personifies, but, having no links with Egypt comparable with Syria's, few want to "belong" to the extent of knuckling under to Cairo, or casting their oil revenue into the bottomless pit of Egypt's financial needs.

Yet the banishment of his principal army rival does not free Qassim from all personal worries. As part of the revolution's amnesty of political prisoners, he has re-admitted to the country at least three men who may be cherishing political aspirations. One is Rashid Ali al-Gailani, author of the attempted pro-Hitler army coup in 1941, who arrived from Egypt a month ago, brimming with enthusiasm for immediate entry into the UAR. He was imprudent enough, however, at once to precipitate himself into the Aref camp and now is under house arrest. Potentially more formidable are two other returned exiles, each of whom could if need be command a very much larger local following than does any out and out pro-Egyptian. One is Dr. Ismail al-Bustani, an able international lawyer who has been in exile in Paris since 1936, and is a Communist. He is an organizer of capacity whose family connections ensure him a hearing if he wants to speak up. The other is Mullah Mustafa al-Barzani, the one-time wizard of Kurdistan, exiled for his part in the Kurdish rebellion of 1946. Although Mullah Mustafa returned breathing loyalty to "Arab-Kurdish friendship within the Iraqi republic," he came from Prague, and greeted Qassim "in the name of the Iraqi Kurds in exile in socialist countries." Any brush between Qassim and the Left would leave the Mullah, and the Kurds who follow him, in no doubt as to which side to back. (Virtually one-third of Iraq's population is Kurdish.)

It is likely that, in the country's present mood, Qassim will find it easier to dominate groups to the Right of him than groups to the Left of him. For the moment, he has the people interested but a little puzzled by the moderation he is preaching. His radio programs are not violent enough for the fire-brands, and his trials of the former leaders seem to be losing themselves in a maze of accusations about plots with Syrians. A recent effort he made to do good to the Baghdad poor by forcing down the price of vegetables ended in a fiasco and was abandoned. He has announced his program of redistribution of the larger estates, but this takes time, and counts for little with city crowds. Meantime, purge committees at work in the ministries and the provinces have noticeably slowed momentum everywhere: the old regime had got more wheels working than its opponents realized, and there have been too many dismissals in a country short not only of technicians but of good administrators.

If discontent sets in because change for the good seems to be coming more slowly than people expected, Qassim cannot as easily as Nasser did deflect attention to foreign affairs. Egypt has pre-empted the pan-Arab slogans. Qassim may fire Western advisers and officials and denounce the Baghdad Pact, but he cannot dispense with the revenue from the oil company. He has changed the stamps and the street names; but if he wants to go on capitalizing mass emotions, the slogans and moves open to him would seem to be socialist rather than nationalist.

It seems likely, therefore, that Qassim will have either to move to the Left of Center, or else go under to left-wing forces that are pressing on him. The Eastern-bloc embassies in Baghdad are almost visibly girding their loins. Either way, the Soviet Union may well be placed in a position unfamiliar to it. Hitherto, it has been sitting pretty and watching the West taking sides as between Arabs. If it were itself to have to side with the Iraqi Left, it would be siding against Nasser. And what a chance this would give Washington and London to become champions of Arab unity.

NEXT WEEK

LEON KEYSERLING will comment further on Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s article, "Death Wish of the Democrats," and will give his views on the function and program of liberal intellectuals in politics.

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Cease-fire

THE United States has been given two weeks' more grace by the Chinese Communists. Two more weeks in which to arrange a retreat from islands immediately adjacent to the Chinese mainland. Whatever the reasons for Peking's willingness to cease firing at Quemoy—and the timing of it—certainly US "firmness" is not one of them. Mr. Dulles has not been firm. He has been admirably flexible (though he doesn't admit it) in seeking to get out of a military commitment which, as he confessed to the world, was "foolish" on the part of Chiang. He has hinted that the off-shore islands might be abandoned if a cease-fire is sustained, and this most probably was the immediate signal for Peking's pacific response. Other factors may have contributed to the cease-fire, such as possible Soviet and neutralist pressure and the demonstrated ability of the US and the Nationalists to make any easy conquest of these islands impossible. But what does the US-Nationalist blockade-running amount to when we recognize at the same time that our position is politically untenable and that we must ultimately give ground? In this "victory" the defeated enemy, who chose the time and place for both the fighting and the peace talks, also extracts very handsome concessions.

Not the least of the concessions won by the Communists has been a public redefinition of our China policy which dismisses the prospect of Chiang's returning to the mainland and thus in effect all but admits Peking's right to a UN seat and to diplomatic recognition. In obtaining this concession—not to mention Mr. Dulles' hint of evacuation of Quemoy—Peking has exposed and played upon divergences in interests between ourselves and Chiang. And this may in reality have been the governing calculation behind the Communists' decision to hold their fire. The agonizing reappraisal which must now be going on within the Nationalist leadership constitutes, as we observed last week, the crux of the present crisis. Thus, while the US talks peace at Warsaw, Peking appeals—over our heads—for a deal with her "compatriots" on Formosa. "The Americans . . . represent no one," said Peking's cease-fire proclamation. "The Taiwan authorities have not given them any credentials. . . . We are free to fight when we want to fight and stop when we want to stop."

Paul Butler Replies

THE Democratic National Chairman, Mr. Butler, has given us more than one occasion in the past to commend him for his perception that good politics is not unprincipled politics. He does so again with his prompt ultimatum to the Louisiana Democratic Central Committee, which last week by a vote of 69-30, ousted Camille F. Gravel as National Committeeman from Louisiana because Mr. Gravel is not immoderate enough on the segregation question. Mr. Gravel had not gone so far as to recommend compliance with the Supreme Court's orders; for "emotional and economic reasons," he supports segregation. Still, he has felt obliged to add that segregation is "morally wrong." For this, he was bounced by his Democratic colleagues.

Paul Butler announced immediately that he would support Mr. Gravel's remaining on the National Committee "with all the vigor at my command." And Louisiana's Sen. Russell Long countered with the threat that his state's Democratic organization may disavow the National Committee if it doesn't go along with the ouster.

Mr. Butlers's notification has implications of weightier consequence than Mr. Gravel's future. It suggests that the National Democratic Party will not, cannot, be other than uncompromising in its endorsement of the Court's authority and of civil rights in general. And we trust, it also notifies the South that firmness on these matters will be apparent in both the Democratic platform of '60 and in the party's choice of candidates.

The Supreme Court

THE APPOINTMENT to the Supreme Court of the United States of a man who is in his early forties, is by all the laws of probability almost certain to be an important event in the history of the Republic. Mr. Justice Potter Stewart, of Cincinnati, formerly Judge by appointment of President Eisenhower on the United States Court of Appeals in that city, is a young man of high reputation for ability and vigor. He will be exerting the great power of the office to which he has now been elevated when most of the current captains and kings are gone. He will share significantly in answering the problems of the next generation. We could no more predict—Mr. Justice Stewart could himself no more predict—what his answers will be than we can foresee the shape the problems will take.

His predecessor, Mr. Justice Burton, was endowed with gifts that we like to believe are more or less common. Most men, we like to assume, can be expected to be honest, open-minded, conscientious, selfless and humble in the performance of judicial duties. All these things Justice Burton was. The Court from which he is departing is engaged in sustaining the authority of one of the noblest pronouncements in history against determined, but ultimately hopeless, opposition. To the Court's recent unanimous opinion in the Little Rock case, in which he joined and to which he offered no distracting accompaniment at the moment of its delivery, Mr. Justice Frankfurter issued a concurrence. In thus expressing his individual, supplementary views, Mr. Justice Frankfurter followed a tradition old as the Court, and indeed in Anglo-American practice, older than *this* Court. The law being reason,

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not fiat, his opinion cannot but enhance its authority. Eloquently evoking Lincoln, Justice Frankfurter appeals to "the better angels" of the natures of those who have seen fit to enflame public feelings in the South. Like the Court as a whole, he shows a full understanding of the difficulties faced by officials such as those of the Little Rock school board, who are in good faith prepared to obey the law. But like the Court, he is determined to maintain intact the decision handed down four years ago.

High Cost of Politics

HOW MANY votes do the Republicans hope to attract, by charging, as has GOP National Chairman Alcorn that Senators Kennedy and Smathers favor "the kind of appeasement that brought on Munich," or that we had a "Korean War on our hands because of Acheson's policy of appeasement"—and how much are such votes worth? It may, first of all, occur to some voters that there is an inconsistency between a GOP that hails its leader as the man who got us out and kept us out of war, that once labelled the Democratic Party as the "war party" and a GOP which charges in 1958 that Democrats who criticize our Quemoy policy "embolden our enemies" and make war "almost inevitable."

But inconsistency in campaigns is a less serious fault than so fouling the national air that responsible government is imperiled. By themselves, the Republicans cannot govern the country during the next two years, anymore than they could the last two years. But is it likely that the Democrats whose support the Administration will need even more after November than before will be encouraged by such campaign tactics to behave responsibly? How much cooperation in foreign affairs, for example, can Mr. Eisenhower expect from a heavily Democratic 86th Congress still smarting from accusations of the GOP Presidential candidate, Mr. Nixon, that they are the representatives of a "mess" in Washington, of "nationalization" and of "radical ADA-type Democrats?"

Those Who Teach, Can

WHY HAS it occurred to so few that teachers themselves might have much to say about whether Negro and white children shall have equal educational opportunities? There can be no education, public or private, integrated or segregated, without their consent. And yet it came as something of a delightful surprise to learn that in defiance of the decision of the Governor of Virginia to close down all public schools in that state rather than submit to the law of the land, the association of Norfolk school teachers, by a vote of 487 to 89, called for the reopening of six secondary schools in Norfolk and asked the public to join in "efforts to maintain our free public system of education."

"Fine—now all we need is some candidates named McKinley"

California Humbuggery

ALTHOUGH THE humbuggery of the current California political campaign, one of the hottest in history, does not quite equal that of the all-out smear conspiracy aimed at Upton Sinclair's bid for the Governorship in 1934, the tricksters are hard at work.

One of the deceptive maneuvers of those supporting the Senatorial candidacy of Governor Goodwin J. Knight has already drawn fire. It involved 72,000 envelopes printed for the Knight forces by the Day Printing Corporation of Pomona, Calif. Roy Day, president of the printing firm and a member of the Republican Central Committee in Los Angeles County, is a close personal friend and political ally of Mr. Nixon. The envelopes, printed for Knight's Republican forces, bore the unnatural return address: "18th District Democrats."

And the deliveryman sent to take them from Pomona to Knight's headquarters in Long Beach mistakenly delivered them to Democratic headquarters in the Wilton Hotel. Shortly after their delivery, the Knight Republicans discovered the error and sought possession of the envelopes.

Day, fearful that he might not get his pay, threatened to charge someone with theft.

Meanwhile, the Democrats in the Wilton surrendered the envelopes to Knight's headquarters, but began legal action to restrain Knight and his crew from using the envelopes. Paul Ziffren, Democratic National Commit-

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teeman, obtained a temporary restraining order from a Los Angeles county court, charging that Knight's proposed use of the envelopes was "illegal as well as fraudulent" since any literature mailed in them would appear to come from an official Democratic Party group. Governor Knight himself was cited to appear in court in person to answer the charge.

Despite his extensive time on television and his aggressive campaign efforts to capture Democratic as well as Republican votes, Knight is still trailing his Democratic rival, Clair Engle, according to all recent polls. And this is true of all the GOP candidates for top offices. Even Mr. Nixon has conceded that the outlook is desperate, and in his speech to Republican leaders, Nixon warned of the "doom" that would fall upon California unless the Republican stalwarts are elected. This, too, recalled the anti-Sinclair campaign, when every available billboard in California, film dramatization, and numerous radio broadcasts were used to horrify California voters with the catastrophe that the state could not escape if Sinclair was elected. It worked then. Few think it will work now.

The Vatican Conclave

POPE PIUS XII never was in direct charge of "a cure of souls," as a parish priest or as the head of a diocese. In this respect his career paralleled that of President Eisenhower, who became a general officer in the Army without ever having commanded in battle a platoon, a company or a battalion. But whereas Eisenhower shifted from the Army to politics late in his career, the Pope was in politics from the start of his: two years after he was ordained he entered the Vatican Secretariat of State. He was an Italian to the core, above all a Roman. Unlike him, the new Pontiff may be less interested in direct intervention in the Christian Democratic movement in Western Europe and in Catholic action everywhere.

The Church which the new pontiff will rule—with an absoluteness known nowhere else on earth—is stronger than it has been for centuries, partly because of the personal efforts of Pius XII, partly by force of the destructive, revolutionary circumstances of our time. The number of the Church's communicants is larger. Its influence and prestige are greater. By design or accident, Pius XII left unusually large latitude to his successor—he did not fill 15 vacancies in the Sacred College.

It is predicted that the next pope will be a cardinal whose career, unlike Pius XII's, has emphasized specifically religious and pastoral activities. But Pius himself and the period of his pontificate have been breakers of many traditions. Not for more than four centuries has there been a non-Italian pope, but *Papa Pacelli* has—theoretically at least—made one possible by reducing the number of Italians in the Sacred College to one-third. And on Christmas Day, 1946, he said that *Sancta Mater Ecclesia*—Holy Mother Church—"does not and cannot belong to one people exclusively . . . to one people more than to another."

Nevertheless, an Italian is likely to be chosen, if only because each of the three outstanding foreign candidates would carry with him to the throne of St. Peter a heavy burden of political implications: the three are Agagianian, a Russian-born Armenian; Tisserant, a Frenchman, and Wyszynski, a Pole.

The prelate closest to the late Pope, and considered by many in the Church best equipped to succeed him, is Archbishop Montini of Milan. And if he is chosen, another tradition will have been broken—for some six centuries only cardinals have become popes.

Liberal and conservative are relative adjectives when applied to popes or papal candidates. Yet, as a matter of emphasis, it cannot be doubted that Siri of Genoa, youngest member of the Sacred College, and Ottaviana, aged head of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, are conservatives, each in his fashion. Similarly Lercaro of Bologna and Rancalli of Venice can be considered liberals, though certainly not as the word is used in the politics of the Western democracies.

Another issue, again a matter of emphasis, is continuation of the intense centralization of authority in the person of the Pope himself, and in his immediate dependents of the Roman Curia, which made Pius XII a logical heir of the great Hildebrand, who as Gregory VII humbled the German emperor at Canossa. Although Tisserant, dean of the Sacred College, has spent most of his career in Rome, he would probably, if elected Pope, reflect some of the decentralizing tendencies which, in their extreme form, are found in Gallicanism.

Next to Montini, the most able, indeed the most brilliant possibility is Agagianian. Like Tisserant, he too has been in Rome most of his life. Yet his Russian birth, and his role as Patriarch of the Armenian in Communion with Rome, would make his choice a political act of immense importance.

In the same category of ability, but younger and making a special contribution of extraordinary personal courage, is Wyszynski, the Pole. If the Vatican is a power in the world, either by direct intervention as with Pius XII or by indirect moral force with some successor of his, then the struggle which concerns it most is certainly the Cold War. And no one better than the Pole would be equipped to understand how to defend the interest of the Holy See beyond the Iron Curtain. But he alone, literally, has saved from the possibility of total destruction some of the fruits of the temporary thaw of 1956 in Poland. In considering Wyszynski, the Conclave would have to decide whether some retreat in Poland would justify some possible advance in the whole Communist empire, from Berlin and Tirana to the Pacific.

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A Conversation with
WERNHER VON BRAUN

The Road To The Moon— And Beyond

by HENRY BRANDON

I ASKED the corporal who drove me back to the airport after my interview with Dr. Wernher von Braun, the Director of the Development Operations Division of the Army Ballistic Missile Agency, how people on the base felt about him. He said: "Look what he has done for this place! In 1950 it had 16,000 inhabitants, today it has 50,000, and the payroll has gone up to $100 million a year. We're proud of him."

I HAD GONE to see Dr. von Braun, who was responsible for developing the V-2 for Nazi Germany, with mixed feelings, but with his slightly heavy yet urbane old-world charm, his informality and his arresting conversation, he put me quickly at ease.

AT 46, Dr. von Braun can look back at a remarkable career. He fortunately did not quite build the "ultimate" weapon for Germany, and today some of the West's best missiles were his brain-child. He becomes slightly uncomfortable talking about his past under the Nazis, but he feels that it was simply bad luck and destiny to have been born in Germany and to have become, as a scientist, the prisoner of the military.

WITH unmistakable pride and satisfaction he showed me the cable of congratulations Britain's Minister of Defense, Mr. Duncan Sandys, sent him after he had succeeded in launching Explorer I, America's first successful satellite. It said in part: ". . . you and I had some differences during the war. I am glad we are now working together for the same cause. . . ."

BRANDON: In the world of space flight the United States seems to concentrate now on getting to the moon, whereas the Russians seem to be thinking more of trying to bring a human being into space. What is the reason for this differentiation in effort?

VON BRAUN: I'm not so sure whether this is really established fact, or just conjecture. There are some indications that the Russians are more interested in the man-in-space aspect at this time, but I would *not* say that this necessarily indicates they're not going after the moon also. From the money point of view, the situation looks to me a bit like this: for either project you need big rockets and these big rockets—in Russia as well as in the United States—are essentially developed with military means, the ICBMs and the IRBMs. Whether you use these rockets for men-experiments in space—or as the first stage of a carrier to the moon—is more or less a question of task assignment of the basic rocket.

BRANDON: But they have developed the possibilities of shooting animals into space, and there do seem indications of a certain concentration on that.

VON BRAUN: I wouldn't say so. I think the carrier that must have been used for Sputnik III is most certainly powerful enough to throw something in the general direction of the moon, and pass the moon and even pass out of the gravitational field of the earth. You see, it takes about 98 percent of the speed required to escape the gravitational field of the earth to go to the moon. It really doesn't make any difference whether you're talking here about escape speed or speed to hit the moon. By just putting a solid rocket—a highly efficient solid rocket—single-stage, on top of the Sputnik III carrier, the Russians should be able to reach escape velocity and shoot the solid rocket, if they want to, in the general direction of the moon.

But the difficulty is if you don't carry a guidance system in the top stage, it is not so simple to hit the moon. The typical travel time to the moon is 60 hours. If you have a slightly different terminal speed—say, 59 hours instead of 60, which is not too much of a difference—then the moon, as it orbits around the earth, will already in this one hour have proceeded along its own orbital path by about one moon diameter, which means that you miss the moon by this amount.

It may very well be that the Russians have decided that there's very little point in shooting something past the moon, at least from the propaganda point of view—that they'd rather wait until they have a terminal guidance system to be put into that top stage and then make a real splash on the moon that people can see.

BRANDON: I think the Russians indicated at Amsterdam that they consider shooting past the moon just a stunt.

VON BRAUN: I don't think it is a stunt, because you can get some information out of it, but in all these new tests the question of what is a stunt and what is real progress is a little bit doubtful. Take Bleriot's flight across the Channel

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. . . you can say, well, if the man can fly 30 minutes across land, he should be able to fly across water, so the fact that he chose to fly across the water was a stunt. Yet it made history.

BRANDON: Can you give me any idea of how many millions of pounds of initial thrust it would take to fire a man to the moon—or for a trip in a satellite—assuming that he would have enough supplies to subsist in space for several days?

VON BRAUN: I think this depends entirely again on the scope of the objective. If the objective is to get a man into a satellite orbit—a single man—leave him there for a few orbits and then retrieve him safely to the earth, this is about the minimum sustained space-flight that you can achieve. By "sustained," I mean as compared with a ballistic missile flight where you know in advance the thing comes back into the atmosphere 15 or 20 minutes after you have fired it. If you get a man up in an orbit, you can keep him there, if you want to, as long as you wish. But you may plan the experiment in such fashion that you don't give him even food, and only an oxygen supply for two days, because you want to get him down after ten orbits or fifteen. . . .

That can be done with our ICBMs as boosters—like the Atlas—and it can also be done, if you squeeze a little hard, with our IRBM. I would say the minimum thrust you need to do this is between 150 and 200 thousand-pound thrust, and it is simpler if you have twice that much. But you don't need a million. With a million-pound thrust you can get two men in orbit, sustain them there for a substantial period, give them all kinds of equipment to make observations, physical measurements—you can equip them with lavish telemetry to check on the physical well-being of the people and all that. *And with a million-pounds you should most certainly be able to get one or two men in a trip around the moon with a landing back on the earth—but not including a landing on the moon itself.*

The moment you include a landing on the moon, you have to make additional allowance for the fuel for the landing and departure. And all this fuel must be got to the moon to begin with, so the initial rocket is substantially larger. In addition to this, to land people on the moon, if they are to do more than just walk importantly around the landed rocket there, you have to equip them with, say, transportation and housing and exploratory tools and equipment to do something useful. And all this costs weight.

BRANDON: What is really the problem in producing a million-pound thrust?

VON BRAUN: I would say the main problem is the dollars—money. You can get a million-pound thrust in the simplest form by clustering existing engines. When you come to very large units, where you will have too many of these engines in a cluster, it pays off to have bigger units to begin with.

BRANDON: But it isn't anything more than an engineering problem, is it?

VON BRAUN: Nothing more than that. And very straightforward engineering, too. It's just costly because it involves large test facilities and you burn up a lot of fuel making the tests.

BRANDON: You were saying that a million-pound thrust engine is a question of dollars; you were also thinking of the experimentation that goes into it?

VON BRAUN: Yes. The development of such a new engine today—until it can be flight-certified, which means you'd be willing to put a man into a rocket powered by such an engine—is a question of, oh, to give you a "ball park figure," $100 million.

Once you have it, the problem is to produce it. It's a question of maybe $1 million.

BRANDON: Are you aiming at an engine of, say, one million-pound thrust—or something closer to the kind of rocket motors the Russians are using?

VON BRAUN: The Advance Research Project Agency only a few days ago gave us here at the Army Ballistic Missile Agency the assignment—and on a high priority—to construct a liquid-propelled booster engine with an approximate thrust of more than one million pounds. We will use motors similar to those used in the IRBMs or ICBMs. I mean already existing motors, and cluster them into a single unit. This is the quickest and least expensive way of going about building such a big engine.

BRANDON: A great many serious scientists say that it would be a waste of time and money to work now on sending human beings into space, that plenty of new scientific data about space can be obtained simply by instruments.

VON BRAUN: There are lots of things you can measure and determine with instrumentation. We are doing just that with our Explorers—so I'm certainly not against this approach. And as more and more weight becomes available in satellites, the equipment, scientific equipment, measuring equipment that we can send up can become more sophisticated and our measurements refined. The Russians' big Sputnik III is a flying laboratory.

But when it comes to the role of man, I think we should realize that there are certain areas where instrumentation just isn't so suitable, especially in areas where judgment is needed. Let's take a hypothetical case of a space ship landing on Mars. I wouldn't know how to design an instrument to tell me from the surface of Mars whether there's life there and what kind of life. To analyze such problems, to analyze the improbable, there's nothing like the human brain.

BRANDON: Do you think England should go into this space field?

VON BRAUN: Absolutely. I think we all belong there—and space is a big place, there's room for all of us. With at least

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one project that's going on you are about to get a very fine tool in this area—the IRBM.

BRANDON: A lot has been said about the advantages and disadvantages of liquid and solid-propelled missiles. How do you feel about this?

VON BRAUN: This can't be answered in a sweeping statement either way. In order to throw a certain weight, say a military warhead, over a given range, you need a total impulse —the product of thrust and burning time. Today for warhead weights and ranges, as we have them in the Jupiter or the Thor, there's no solid rocket available anywhere that can do the trick. And if you were to build one it would be such an awful monstrosity as far as transportation is concerned, you couldn't airlift it, and even its transportation on shipboard would be an awful thing. By reducing the payload weight, as has been done on the Polaris, you can reduce the missile's weight, and by cutting the warhead weight down you can do the same thing with a smaller missile. Now in the case of the Polaris, and this is a very important thing, it is the first IRBM that has ever been built as to solid rocket, and the firing base is a submarine. Under these conditions rather heavy loads can be handled relatively conveniently. Now we are, as you probably know, presently developing a solid-rocket missile that is called the Pershing, which will be a longer range Army ballistic missile; this will also have solid propellants. But this missile is broken down into individual components that are so light that the thing can be airlifted.

BRANDON: What range will that have?

VON BRAUN: The maximum range of the Pershing is classified, but it's more than the Redstone, and less than the Jupiter. But here again it has a much lighter payload. You see, the fundamental advantage of the liquid rocket is that you can ship it empty and you can load it up with five-gallon containers if you wish. The solid rocket always comes as one big unit. When you come to the very big units, it's like shipping the Leaning Tower of Pisa through the countryside.

BRANDON: Mr. DuBridge, the President of the California Institute of Technology, once said of the space platform that from a military point of view it is not very useful. Are you thinking of the space platform mainly for scientific purposes—because he said it is about as difficult to get one human being back to earth as it is to project a bomb back to earth—since it is very difficult to land it in exactly the right place?

VON BRAUN: I don't like that word "bomb," because it is quite obvious that you can't drop a bomb from an orbit at all. I mean, if you try to detach it from its shackle in a rocket-plane or a space-station it simply wouldn't fall down because it has the same speed and is also suspended in the orbit. What we should be talking about is launching guided missiles from such a space platform, and the technique would be to provide them with a relatively small—probably solid—rocket charge and fire them in the direction opposite to the orbital movement.

WERNHER VON BRAUN

BRANDON: The space platform has to be manned, I presume?

VON BRAUN: Yes, in this case it would be manned. But with I say "space platform" I don't necessarily mean a doughnut-shaped, huge thing with a hundred or two hundred people inside. It can actually be a hypersonic plane equipped with, say, 20 such guided missiles — but this hypersonic plane would be temporarily, at least, in an orbit. It could go in orbit three times around the earth, fire these missiles, and then land again.

BRANDON: Does such a plane exist?

VON BRAUN: It doesn't exist today. There's still some argument about the military value of all this. My personal feeling is that this unfortunate tendency of making things into weapon systems too early, just in order to get the big money rather than the small amount available for research and development projects only, forces people to make all kinds of statements as to how to utilize such things for military purposes before they even known how to survive up there.

I consider this whole business of putting a man into space and getting him back alive, and observing from space and so forth, as a research and development problem, in essence. However, I am convinced that these guided

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missiles from an orbit have a very great military potential. And if people say they can't see why they should get it up in the orbit to begin with, you might as well say there's no point in carrying a bomb up to 40,000 feet in order to drop it again.

BRANDON: But if you can send an ICBM over 5,000 miles, why do you need to—?

VON BRAUN: In the first place, the ICBM has its drawbacks. The ICBM is fine and good when you know exactly where your target is. There may be conditions where you don't know. For example, the Russians don't publish geographical co-ordinates of their atomic plants and the like, as we do. Such things may be discovered from an orbit. Point Two is, of course, the question of moving targets, because the ICBM is completely useless against the Fleet. Suppose you discover a moving fleet in the wastes of the Pacific—no ICBM nor no IRBM will do you any good whatsoever. Whereas when you have a space station with missiles that you can aim at sight, you don't even care where they are exactly, you just shoot them down with the line-of-sight method.

I would mention one more thing. This may sound a little fantastic, but I believe that even this has a future. I believe that with these guided missiles launched from a satellite you can even get after airplanes, after high-flying bombers. Bombers flying at 40,000 to 50,000 feet are well above the clouds, but from the vantage point of a space station, you will see these bombers crawling over the cloud cover like bedbugs.

BRANDON: What is really the driving force in your work?

VON BRAUN: I got in all this as a kid when I was interested in astronomy. When I was fourteen my parents gave me an astronomical telescope, so as a youngster I spent many hours watching the skies and looking at the moon and the planets. Then I saw a little booklet on astronomy, and there was an announcement that Professor Obert had written on the attainability of the planets by means of rockets. I was startled by the mathematics it contained. I worked my way through it and—well, ever since that day rockets have been my life.

BRANDON: Are you, yourself, yearning to get into space?

VON BRAUN: Oh, yes. Let's look at it realistically. By the time we can put man into space, they'll probably pick some younger men to make the first exploratory trips. But this is the Age of the Flying Grandmothers! It may be that by the time I'm a grandfather, grandfathers on the moon or on space stations will be a very customary sight.

BRANDON: It's not just the desire for technical accomplishments?

VON BRAUN: No. I think it is just curiosity—I want to know what it's like out there on the moon, and I think curiosity has always been my main motive. I think curiosity is what makes a scientist—I guess I'm a scientist, but if it takes engineering means to get there, then I am probably an engineer.

BRANDON: Where do you think the Russians have been able to get ahead of us? I mean, apart from the fact that they have almost unlimited means at their disposal?

VON BRAUN: I don't think they have. The Russian effort in engineering and science is just as limited by their total resources as it would be in any country, but it's a question of emphasis and priority. The Russians decided to go into this rocket business maybe a little earlier than the decision was made in this country, and as a result they are a little bit ahead of us right now. You can't buy back lost time with any amount of money.

BRANDON: How much of an edge do the Russians have?

VON BRAUN: Well, my personal analysis is that they simply have big ICBM-type rockets flying—and reasonably reliable—things of the Atlas class, you might say—that are still in the experimental stage in this country. But before you weigh the relative strength of the two nations you should look at the over-all situation. For example, even if the Russians have an ICBM that is reasonably reliable and could drop bombs on New York or on Washington, they know that if they tried the entire Strategic Air Command would be unleashed. Within a couple of hours all major Russian cities would be in ashes, so they would still not shoot. For that reason I believe it's unrealistic to say that for a year or two the Russians have the edge on us because our Atlas isn't ready and theirs is.

BRANDON: How far do you think we've gone with the development of the anti-missile missile now?

VON BRAUN: Well, this is so far a project. I would say the anti-missile missile is recognized today as feasible, limited to certain defense areas. It is not the kind of thing in which you can say that once we have an anti-missile missile, no point in England or the United States can be hit at all by a missile. But it appears to be entirely feasible to provide a means of defense for, say, the city of London or the city of New York. It's not available today; it's feasible to build it and a great effort is going on in this area, but I think it's a question of several years.

BRANDON: Would the suspension of nuclear tests delay the anti-missile missile development?

VON BRAUN: That's a hot one. I think this is a loaded question. As a scientist I must say that there is little doubt that you can make better progress by being able to go on experimenting; but the question you asked me is of much bigger scope. It must be decided on a much broader basis by people who can assess the entire implications.

THIS IS *the eighth in a series of conversations tape-recorded originally for* The London Sunday Times *by its Washington correspondent. Mr. Brandon's interviews are appearing exclusively in this country in* The New Republic.

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OCTOBER 20, 1958

Fourth in a Series

New Faces

MUSKIE

FAYETTE

EDMUND S. MUSKIE— "Don't be deceived!" warned Republican incumbent Frederick Payne in last month's Senatorial campaign. "A Maine Democrat can't keep from being part and parcel of the Fair Deal . . . extreme Northern liberal wing of the Democratic Party." In losing his seat to Governor Muskie by a 60,000-vote margin, Senator Payne was the first and most spectacular victim of vicuna—Goldfine label—which Muskie was able to emphasize by a kindly silence. But Payne was also victimized by having to run against a man of Muskie's political talent. Downeasters not only aren't sure what a Northern liberal is—or what's bad about the malady—but in this instance, as a Maine editor put it, "people simply would not believe that a man of Muskie's cast and record would do any harm in Washington."

Most Maine observers believe that as a Senator Muskie will escape being tagged with any damaging label—that his uncommon mixture of intellectual capacity and political feel will enable him to compile a distinctly Democratic voting record and still stay on and on as Maine's first popularly-elected Democratic Senator (in the days of indirect elections, a Democratic legislature had the Senatorial choice in 1911). Muskie has a way, it is said, of making whatever he says sound like independent common sense. Even in the midst of the campaign, and in spite of the fact that he hasn't had to worry up to now about foreign policy, he went out of his way to take a line—similar to that of Senators Kennedy and Humphrey—which happens to be "Northern liberal" and which he placed frankly before the voters. The occasion was a debate with Payne (Muskie suggested foreign policy as the topic). In one of his own lucidly-written speeches, Muskie emphasized and re-emphasized "India, Africa, the uncommitted countries—our first line of defense." He explicitly defended neutralism ("we have demanded too much . . . in terms of commitments in the Cold War . . . we have been using these uncommitted peoples as pawns") and argued for a shift from military aid to bigger grants and loans for economic development.

Muskie, a Catholic, can take stands that don't conform to standard Maine conservatism not only because times are changing, but because he has sold himself to his state in his two terms as Governor. His basic political assumption is that "Americans are essentially fair-minded. They will allow the candidate of their choice a considerable margin of disagreement and independence, provided his position is sincere and based on honest convictions." Muskie indeed gives the impression of sincerity on the platform, as a fluent, normally off-the-cuff speaker, and in man-to-man encounters. He gives the impression that he has done his homework. The fact that he's self-made—the son of a Rumford tailor who was Marciszewski in Poland—and had to work his way through Bates College and Cornell Law School, not only helps to establish empathy in advance but gives him an authentic common touch. (His wife was working in a Waterville dress shop at the time of their marriage 10 years ago, and is rated an asset both as a hostess and a campaigner.)

Muskie likes to spin yarns and drinks a "boiler-maker" now and then. But he is not entirely at home with the boys in the backroom. "His idea of a good time," says a friend, "is to go to the movies." One of his aides recalls that after a recent Democratic rally in Kansas City the local leaders offered him "anything . . . anything he wants." He couldn't think of anything at the time, but later asked why they hadn't thought to ask for some toothpaste.

As Governor, Muskie has concentrated on showing that he can help Maine. He fought hard for a Department of Economic Development which, in his first term, brought in 25 new industries with a projected payroll of as much as $11 million. *The Wall Street Journal* seemed astonished at his "friendliness to the business order" and called the popularity of the new Department the "preponderant" factor in his re-election to a second term. Muskie has championed the cause of local purchasers of abandoned textile mills and used State House influence to get easy-credit terms from out-of-state realty interests. He has seen into being measures for highway safety and interstate highway construction; for a construction reserve fund which will help modernize mental hospitals, and for a long-overdue survey of Maine education. All of this he did in spite of the fact that Maine government is biased against a strong Governor. Many departments are virtually autonomous or answerable to the legislature. One of Muskie's first enactments (and one of the most

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difficult to implement) was a survey of state government —the first since 1930—looking to a streamlined setup joining authority with responsibility in the Governor's hands.

The key to Muskie's successes in a Republican environment has been his very real bipartisanship. For his personal assistant he chose a Republican budget officer, Maurice Williams; both chairmen of the Department of Economic Development have been Republicans. Now Muskie is leaving an administrative office (and a Republican-dominated legislature and executive council) which made bipartisanship both necessary and desirable; how he handles uncomfortable national and international issues in a partisan legislature will certainly be one of the more interesting performances in the new Congress. The interest is heightened by the fact that, for all his stature and hard work, Muskie has had big strokes of luck both this year (Goldfine) and in '56 (a photograph showing Muskie with a businessman and a labor leader, cropped by *The Boston Herald* to show only the labor leader, backfired in Muskie's favor). To help tide him over hard luck, Muskie, now 44, can lean on a revitalized Maine Democratic organization—but one which he has conspicuously not tried to make his personal machine. Muskie's preference for the gubernatorial nomination this year was the loser in the primary—state Grange Master Maynard Dolloff. And Muskie's good relations with Democratic Governor-elect Clinton Clauson haven't stopped some Maine observers from noting that Clauson is out of the old pre-Muskie party stock—and from wondering how far the Maine Democratic revolution can go with Muskie and Congressman Frank Coffin, his extraordinarily capable partner in party reconstruction, both busy in Washington.

FREDERICK J. FAYETTE—and the Vermont Democrats who think they have in this lively champion of public power a "sleeper" candidate for the Senate— present a surface similarity to Maine Democrats at the time of the Muskie breakthrough four years ago. But the similarity is on the surface, and Fayette's victory in November would be an even bigger upset than Muskie's in '54.

Vermont Democrats haven't yet made the organizational progress which Muskie and Coffin had made by '54—just in time to take advantage of a weak Republican opposition. And Vermont Democrats don't by any means have weak opposition this year. When Ralph Flanders decided to retire, Democrats hoped that right-wing former Governor Lee Emerson would succeed in winning the GOP nomination. Instead Rep. Winston L. Prouty, Vermont's lone House member, defeated Emerson; Prouty is a popular "Aiken Republican."

Fayette himself enters big-league politics better-known —perhaps too controversially known—than the pre-'54 Muskie. Muskie's mediocre, low-key law practice attracted little attention or money—and few enemies; Fayette is the successful operator who earns—or so Vermonters believe—about $30,000 per year (he told friends when he turned down the gubernatorial nomination this year that he couldn't make do on the $12,000 State House salary).

"As bright as any lawyer in the state," or "as bright as any man in the state," is the often-heard estimate of Fayette—a Notre Dame and Harvard Law graduate. One hears too that his clients include "some staunch Republicans who want their business interests represented by the best lawyer they can get—regardless of politics—but who wouldn't deign to know him socially." The question of any Catholic Democrat's acceptance in rural Vermont—especially in the old Congregationalist country to the east of the Green Mountains—is, if not talked about, nonetheless a controversial one. Thus Fayette, with his Lebanese antecedents (his parents were immigrant shop-keepers), may not necessarily gain from his platform dynamism if farmers decide that he's too much the "fast-talkin' city feller."

Fayette's strength in rural Vermont is his reputation as a leading spokesman in the State Senate for public versus private power. He led the losing fight for public control of the new St. Lawrence Seaway power, teaming up with a Republican lawyer and State Senator, Asa Bloomer, in litigation arising out of the Public Service Commission's contract with private electric companies for the St. Lawrence power. The price paid by the private combine—VELCO—for land across which transmission lines are to go has more than passing interest for a sizable number of farmers. So does the price of power, which is now higher for small utilities and Rural Electrification Administration Co-ops, under the private contract, than would have been the case given public control as in New York State. Fayette is an attorney for the REA co-ops in Vermont and is well-known among the 7,000 REA member-families in the state. To what extent his REA connection promises a payoff in votes remains one of the campaign unknowns. He doesn't have a political monopoly in taking on the private power companies; Senator Aiken was there first and it's not clear whether Fayette's embrace of Aiken will actually get many Democratic votes.

Among the ponderables working in Fayette's favor—whatever the farmers do—is that no one, Republicans included, disputes his qualifications for the Senate. And no one disputes that the liability of being a Catholic in rural areas becomes an asset in heavily Catholic Democratic strongholds such as Fayette's own Burlington, Rutland and Winooski (Fayette has 11 children, nine by his late first wife). The Republicans have always counted on a good vote in the machine-tool center of Springfield, Flanders' home town; this time Democrats hope that disenchantment with the Administration will solidify industrial voters behind the Democratic ticket. Estimates

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of Catholic strength in Vermont range from 40 percent up, and at least two-thirds of the Democratic vote is in Catholic centers. Senators Kennedy and Muskie have each spent a busy day in Vermont during the past two weeks.

HARRISON A. WILLIAMS—While Chicago's Jake Arvey was saying—after the '52 Eisenhower landslide—that "they murdered us in the suburbs," a New Jersey political unknown who looks (and talks) like anything but a "Boss" Arvey was breaking ground for a successful career as a Democrat in a bastion of Republican suburbia. Harrison Arlington Williams, Jr., then 32, was defeated in '52 for a seat on the Plainfield City Council; but a year later he got the Democratic Congressional nomination for the Sixth District (Union County) seat left vacant when Republican Clifford Case resigned. Party managers regarded him as a sacrificial lamb in a district which had never gone Democratic. That was the same year—1953—when another unknown whose only political distinction had been a defeat for the State Senate was given the unwanted gubernatorial nomination.

Winners Robert B. Meyner at the head of the ticket and Williams in the Sixth seemed to offer a Democratic answer to the problem of the suburbs. In Williams' case his ability to attract Republican and independent votes was so conspicuous that, in winning re-election to a regular term in 1954, he ran 25,000 votes ahead of other Democrats on the ticket. Even in losing his seat, in 1956, his margin of defeat was only 4,399 votes. Stevenson lost the district by nearly 80,000 votes and every other Democrat on the ticket lost by at least 40,000. Williams alienated some Democratic (and Republican) old-liners in the process of winning his House seat in '53 by making McCarthyism, a major issue, and then, in spite of protests, sticking to the issue throughout the heat of the Army-McCarthy hearings. But he has attracted a new following of his own for the party—young lawyers, housewives and small businessmen, many from Republican homes.

Williams' silk-stocking appeal sticks out all over him: he has an Ivy League wardrobe (Brooks Brothers keeps his measurements) and an Ivy League manner. His family is socially established in Plainfield (his father manufactures burial vaults). Williams went to Oberlin, for graduate work to the Georgetown Foreign Service School, and after the war to Columbia Law School. His work at Georgetown reflects a long-standing interest—and competence—in foreign affairs which befits a popular guest attraction at ladies' club in toney Sixth District communities such as Westfield or Summit ("He has a voice like a radio announcer," says an Elizabeth newspaperman).

Williams is at home in cosmic realms—Quemoy, NATO, Lebanon—where party lines are blurred to most voters. His brief three years in Washington were notable

WILLIAMS

LEADER

for a headlong immersion in complex foreign policy matters that most freshmen—for reasons of inexperience or political caution—got out of their way to avoid. Williams got a seat on the House Foreign Affairs Committee and from this platform emphasized repeatedly that the Soviet challenge was primarily non-military. His efforts to induce greater US help for the less-developed countries included a proposal, adopted by the Committee as a resolution, for the NATO countries jointly to extend technical aid to non-pact countries. As a strong supporter of reciprocal trade, Williams helped formulate "trade adjustment" legislation to provide federal aid for workers, communities and industries that might be adversely affected by liberal trade policies.

Foreign policy has provided one of the few campaign controversies in Williams' present Senatorial contest with 10-term Twelfth District Congressman Robert W. Kean (H. Alexander Smith retired this year and for the first time since the 1936 Roosevelt landslide a Democrat is running strong for a New Jersey Senate seat). Williams has labeled Kean a Johnny-come-lately on mutual security and a grudging supporter of reciprocal trade; GOP Senators Smith and Case have come to Kean's aid with a joint statement praising him as a towering internationalist. Governor Meyner provoked one other controversy which some Williams supporters regret when he pointed to Kean's age (65) and suggested that starting Williams now (at 38) on the seniority ladder would be far-sighted for New Jersey. Republican editorial writers promptly expressed shock at the mention of Kean's age. One asked if Kean and Williams were competing for the track team.

Meyner's active support for Williams this year is not entirely the unmixed blessing that it might seem in the opinion of some New Jersey newsmen. Williams got the Senatorial nomination as Meyner's man in a three-way primary by a narrow 15,000-vote margin. For Meyner the object has been first to emphasize that he was slating his own candidate and then to make a Williams victory seem to be also a Meyner victory. Since a Williams defeat might derail the Meyner-in-'60 express, the Governor's omnipresence in Williams' behalf isn't surprising. But the political writers question whether the votes will really

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go to Williams if it seems that Meyner is doing the talking on the big issues. The pro-Kean press is, of course, playing down Williams and making the most of Meyner's ambitions: *Newark News* political writer William Clark observed that "the campaign . . . revolves around Mr. Meyner, who isn't running, at least for Senator, more than around Mr. Williams, who is."

GEORGE M. LEADER—Three organized groups share control of the Pennsylvania Democratic organization: the Clark-Dilworth reformists; the old-fashioned, regular Philadelphia organization dominated by Congressmen William Green; and David Lawrence's Pittsburgh machine. When Pennsylvania Democratic leaders (like New Jersey leaders the year before) were looking in 1954 for sacrificial lambs, Green had the dexterity to propose the man who ultimately got the nomination for Governor and then went on to an unexpected victory as Pennsylvania's first Democratic chief executive in 20 years. At times George Leader, responding to his own honest and, it is said, idealistic instincts, has appeared to be on the verge of making common cause with Mayor Richardson Dilworth in cleaning up Philadelphia City Hall (Green's control of the city machine depends on access to state jobs). But while "his heart is in the right place," as one close to the situation puts it, "he's just not fast on his feet politically"—or perhaps he feels his debt to Boss Green is a heavy one.

If he gets to the Senate, Leader is not expected to display the breadth or forthrightness of Pennsylvanian Joe Clark when controversial issues are under debate. (While Clark has been pressing in recent weeks for evacuation of Quemoy, Leader has voiced vague hopes that "no one in the Far East would make a decision we would be sorry for.") His own Democratic proclivities are most pronounced on "welfare" issues. He gives his most devoted attention, as a friend put it "to a program for people, say for crippled or handicapped children. He's the kind of man who would be wonderful in a future Democratic Administration as a Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare." Unlike Clark, who's been a hard in-fighter for all of his elegance and intellect, Leader doesn't like a fight. He "looks for and tends to see only the best in people, and often he's too considerate for his own good." When he went out of character during the '56 campaign and gave a give-'em-hell speech in San Francisco (depicting the President as front man for "the hard and ugly underworld of the Republican Party"), it stirred up indignant retaliation in Pennsylvania Republican newspapers. Presumably Leader has not forgotten that.

Optimists among his supporters who predict that he will grow through experience say that his awkward sincerity has its positive side. He's not driven by consuming ambition and told everyone, when he was tapped in '54, that he didn't want to stay in politics (he operates a chicken farm which markets one million chicks and 60,000 broilers annually). This year his primary motive in going for the Senate was apparently to get a vote of confidence for his work as Governor. Party leaders had to prod to get him talking about anything beyond his record in Pennsylvania. In Washington Leader won't feel the organization pressures which press on a custodian of 50,000 state patronage plums; he will work conscientiously, it is argued, and on some occasions at least, provide "another Clark vote."

As a campaigner Leader profits from his personality: he speaks with a high moral tone, slowly and deliberately: the very inexperience of a 40-year old Governor who had four years' State Senate apprenticeship is transparent—and winning. He is concentrating his efforts in farm areas, where "Leader Leghorns" are well known (his father, built the family name in business and in politics; George succeeded Guy Leader as a York County spokesman in the legislature). The Leader campaign this fall against Rep. Hugh Scott has been slowed down somewhat by Scott's strength as a Republican who has bridged his own party factions (and concentrated on winning normally Democratic Jewish and Negro support); and, still more, by the bad taste left by troublesome problems as Governor. Small merchants who often vote Democratic, for example, resent the sales tax which Leader had promised during his '56 campaign to repeal and ended by doubling after he had been in office a year. Leader blames this increase in the sales tax on uncooperative Republican legislators who wouldn't give him the income tax he wanted. But the fact remains that he is blamed throughout the state for the pennies that are added onto the price of most purchases.

Leader's lack of political balance made his relations with the legislature worse than they had to be: first he would be, characteristically, too easy-going, and then, "all of a sudden he would get his Dutch up."

In a "normal" year Scott's strong campaign would probably defeat Leader. Pennsylvania political prophets predict that Scott will run at least 30,000 votes ahead of his ticket in Philadelphia (he now represents Philadelphia's Sixth District in the House), and such a showing—together with Republican strength upstate—would usually be enough to guarantee victory for any GOP candidate. In 1958, however, Scott is running against a Democratic tide and against a state ticket headed by a gubernatorial candidate, Mayor Lawrence, whose leadership in Pittsburgh's urban redevelopment has given him a statewide reputation.

This is the fourth in a series of six reports on promising new candidates in the fall elections. Next week The New Republic *will discuss five Senatorial candidates: Philip A. Hart (Mich.); Frank Morrison (Nebr.); Eugene McCarthy (Minn.); Dale McGee (Wyo.) and Clare Engle (Calif.).*

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Radicalism For Rotarians

by Philip Green

The Democratic Vista, by Richard Chase, purports, in an introductory note, to be "a radical consideration of American culture; particularly . . . its political and literary aspects." "It is everybody's duty these days," he adds, "to look for radical values wherever they may appear on the cultural spectrum."

It is very seldom "these days" that "radical values" are looked for by anyone of note. References of that nature have become over the last two decades—thanks to two wars, a cold war, and a senator—almost comical among intellectuals, so that one feels a little self-conscious invoking them in public. The shameful behavior of the American intellectual community during the McCarthy era seems to have caused most of us to forget that radical protest against morally repugnant social conditions is one of the proudest traditions of the West; meek subservience to the dominant interests of state and society is, on the other hand, a tradition not so proud. As Karl Shapiro pointed out in an excellent article (*The New Republic*, June 9) "Modern American literature is . . . anti-American-way-of life." As well it should be, he goes on to add.

The Democratic Vista, by Richard Chase (Doubleday; $3.95).

Thus, it is not too surprising that with national and international affairs so obviously going horribly wrong, stirrings of critical thought have recently begun to find their way onto the best-seller lists (and even into the Halls of Congress). Looking around at the ugly botch we call our "way of life," I am myself surprised only that these critics had been so long silent. It ought then to be occasion for rejoicing when someone comes along who is willing to call himself a radical, or hint that he might be taken for one; and it would seem the height of ingratitude to criticize such a person in the pages of a national magazine. But Prof. Chase, I'm afraid, is no radical. He is not even close.

Similarly, most of the other so-called critics who (with a bow to David Riesman the godfather) have been pouring their scorn on the more picturesque aspects of American life, have nothing in common with real social protest. In keeping with the contemporary American habit of being moderate about everything, they have been turning out a peculiarly soggy and spineless kind of criticism. This state of affairs has occasioned much delight on the part of *Time* and the rest of the self-congratulation claque, who can see what is in the wind: a new American tradition of unprotesting protest and supine "radicalism." With just a few honorable exceptions (who will recognize themselves) our critics are offering the message that of course we men of taste and discrimination have to go on working for the damned Organization since it pays all our salaries, and we can't much hope, can we? to change things now or in the next two hundred years, and besides this is a democracy and we're all democratic and there's nothing really wrong with the *system*—but isn't this particular thing that I have written a best-selling book about just *awful*? . . . It is about time they be asked politely to stop.

Although Richard Chase is far superior, intellectually and morally, to most of the practitioners of this sort of thing, his book is symptomatic of the trend, and must be treated in that light. In one work, he has concisely summarized (and often improved on) everybody else's searing indictments of other-directedness, middlebrowism, conformity, mass culture, suburbia, anti-intellectualism, American education, hidden persuaders, sex, women, large organizations. From his own special field of interest he has added a few provocative strictures about American literature and intellectual history, invoked the shade of Whitman to place himself within the tradition—and called it "radical."

The result, unfortunately, is something quite different than what he intended. Certainly the evils he describes are worth combatting; but there are many ways of fighting a war, and the method he has chosen is more likely than not to concede victory in advance to the other side. For Mr. Chase is either unable or unwilling to confront in a fundamental way the issues he has undertaken to deal with.

THE FORM he has chosen to work in is itself indicative of this. *The Democratic Vista* is written as a dialogue, a historically noble form but one which can easily be used as a subtle way of raising questions without taking sides—especially when the participants are only superficially in opposition to each other.

That is precisely the case with Chase's principal characters, who are named (a bit coyly) George Middleby and Ralph Headstrong. George Middleby is an incredible version of a middlebrow, knowledgeable as Eliot, stupid as Babbitt. Headstrong, his ostensible adversary, is a highbrow and a "radical"; we are told that he "usually speaks for the author." He stands for all the good things, and against all the bad things, yet his position is terribly weak. He is often stumped — unreasonably — by George Middleby; needlessly accepts vacuous compromises in place of his own formulations; and in the end is content to do nothing more than carry on his share of a dialectic. ("Dialectic," significantly, is Chase's favorite word, not excluding "radical." His use of it is Hegelian; he seems to view history as a benevolently abstract process upon which we can have no active effect. "In history," he remarks sagely, "everything capable of clarity is made clear."). If Headstrong cared nearly as much about his own, or Chase's, ideas as he should, he would strangle the insufferable Middleby half-a-dozen times; instead, they compliment each other effusively as they watch their children play together around the fire. If we are going to be that friendly, then the Middlebys will win without trouble,

Next Week

The Atomic Pioneers

by C. P. Snow

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and there's little use in arguing. Togetherness, after all, is part of *their* line.

The reason Headstrong-Chase's position is so weak is that he is completely at sea over the place of politics and economics in American life today. The only cogent political criticism to be found in *The Democratic Vista* lies in the remarks of a synthetic European named Rinaldo Schultz, who is an updated version of de Tocqueville. His acidulous comments on the workings of the American political system completely contradict the simplistic views of the others, but no advantage is taken by Chase of the real tension he might thereby create, nor does he seem aware of the possible implications in serious political criticism. The opposition is glossed over; Rinaldo Schultz is meaninglessly subsumed into the dialectic, along with the pessimism inherent in his analysis. He is gratuitously made to represent merely another version of the pollyannish Richard Chase, who states at the beginning his belief that this epoch is (with a nod to Van Wyck Brooks) "only a period of preparation for a new liberation and flowering of culture."

IT IS TRUE that, in passing, Headstrong-Chase casually agrees that " . . . a general reconstruction of politics is necessary . . . " but he drops the subject immediately without demonstrating much interest. Why should he be interested? All we need do from his perspective is to keep up an avant-garde stance, free from contamination by conformity or other-directedness. Why worry about politics when culture is about to flower, and the liberation is at hand?

The fact is, that though Mr. Chase wishes to picture himself as Headstrong, he is not that at all; if we are to take the convention of the names seriously, then "Ralph Cautious" would have presented a more accurate picture of the author—and of many others who think of themselves as daring critics. His view of the relation between politics and culture is just an ordinary fence-straddling one. At present, he writes, "in its immediate applications, radicalism is *not political or economic* [my emphasis]. . . . For the moment, American politics and economics, on the domestic scene, appear impenetrable, mysterious, and roughly successful."

Therefore, Mr. Chase is satisfied merely to record himself as standing for "a certain kind of radical emphasis in cultural criticism, which may be of use in a time when there is little radical criticism of any sort." What an ill-fated and pathetic use of the word "radical"! To Chase it means nothing more than to be non-conformist, to go on talking and listening to each other, which "is something that during these interim years people have not been doing, especially intellectuals . . . " (Good God, what else *have* they been doing?), and to "join the rising republic" of the children around the fire. When it comes time for political counsel, the best he can do is to proclaim "the liberal virtues of moderation [sic], compromise, countervailing forces, the vital center, the mixed economy"—an inert and foggy list which could be endorsed by Dwight Eisenhower or any other "middlebrow" if some Modern Republican wrapping-paper were plastered around the last-named item.

THIS is as far from real radicalism as it can be. Not only that, but it is an inadequate milquetoast version of social criticism, and the confusion that is being made between this and the real thing will have sorry results. For at rock-bottom, this is the precise position of the way-of-lifers, the *Time* hacks, and the rest of the crew that Chase is at such pains to denounce in other contexts. Politics and economics? Pay no attention to them. Read good books. The system? Don't bother—it works fine. It works! Leave it alone; let's go find something to compromise about.

I am perfectly aware that this may not be what Mr. Chase *intended* to say. But he has said it and we have a right to demand of him that he assume responsibility for the probable impact of his ideas. He is not talking to himself, after all, but to the public; presumably he is trying to influence his audience to some manner of action or inaction. And the logical, unavoidable burden of what he is saying to them is unfortunately clear. It is the same as the argument being advanced, *sub rosa*, by the overwhelming majority of our critics, sociologists, and plain muck-rakers. Under the guise of cultural criticism and angry protest, this is nothing less than a firm defense—witting or no—of the political and economic *status quo*, a defense all the more harmful because it is subtle and devious rather than simple-minded and flag-waving.

To call a position like this "radical" only serves further to weaken the already feeble content of political debate in America. "Radical" and "radicalism" are words that come to us—and to the popular mind in general—with a long and historical accretion of meaning. But by the time Chase is finished with them, nothing remains that can be distinguished from several other points of view. "Radical values," he informs us, consist of "the virtue of truth-telling . . . [and] the liberal heritage of the Renaissance and the Enlightenment as this is given political expression in our Declar-

Fall

HERE in this town of unforgiven fall
I wander through Your rubbled flesh and blood,
kicking the black leaves, the clots of mud
that stain the walk, hearing the children call
Your burning names, behind the alley wall
smelling the burning sun. It is not good.
The trees stand bare as crosses in the wood
to mark the never-ending funeral.

Spring will come. The world put on its share
of Easter joy. The children's calls be heard.
The fire burn green.
But now, the skeleton,
rattling in the wind.
Forgive the birds
who flee in panic, blackening all the air,
and those who dig dark tunnels for the sun.

PAUL PETRIE

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ation of Independence and the Bill of Rights and cultural expression by our imaginative writers." (Which ones could he conceivably mean?)

AT LAST, a "radicalism" that can be sold to the Rotarians! And undoubtedly will be, sooner or later. In a society where almost everyone considers truth to be relative, who does *not* believe in the "virtue of truth-telling"? As for our "liberal heritage," it might have been radical in 1776, but now it is the staple of every political windbag's oratory. To be in favor of a few abstract phrases tells us nothing about the actual form our institutions will take. Chase is confusing radicalism with the American schoolboy's version of democracy; it is not that simple a thing.

On the contrary, what makes radicalism radical is something much more than a particular set of statements about equality and freedom. The core of radicalism has always been human dignity. The special content of radicalism today is the conviction that even though we have a large measure of political freedom, this is not sufficient, and that a thorough overhaul of society's basic institutional arrangements, political and economic, is needed—*here and now*—to realize this value.

Even in a cultural situation such as today's, when it is difficult to construct a program for change consisting of more than wistful hope, radicalism remains primarily a philosophy of *political* and *economic action.* It cannot in any way be equated with the kind of tame liberalism and culture-mongering that Chase is trying to propagate, and it is not only erroneous but dangerous to make the identification.

FOR there is a fundamental misjudgment at the heart of this type of social criticism. Any radical will insist on it, and it is one we would all do well to recognize. Given the nature of power and institutions in the modern world, *cultural reform can no longer* — if it ever could—*precede political and economic change.* It is the other way around.

The offended sensibilities of our intellectuals may make for lively reading, but they will *not* effect any meaningful changes. The American people — even the educated ones—are *not* going to change their lives because they have been called slobs, fools and conformists by Chase, Whyte, Packard, Riesman, etc. They will not do it simply because *no payoff is offered,* and none is likely to be. Our society lives by the payoff, in one form or another. It is materialistic, technology-worshipping, destructively utilitarian. The appearance of culture is prized because it disguises the basic rot, but the real thing, with all its humane and ethical implications, is usually held in utter contempt, and always will be as long as there is no use for it the way we conceive of use. And the reason for this is not that Americans are congenitally barbarous; nor is it that they have not, to Chase's despair, understood their native literature correctly. It is that, *except in a strictly material sense,* the political and economic system is *not* working.

WE WOULD do well to take a good hard look at some aspects of that wonderful system. Economic stability, for instance. We have that, all right, but not exactly as advertised. Our vaunted stability is composed partly of war preparedness, and partly of anti-social waste. Even at that, as J. K. Galbraith has pointed out, we often cannot support public spending for the simplest social

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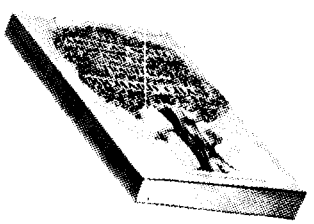

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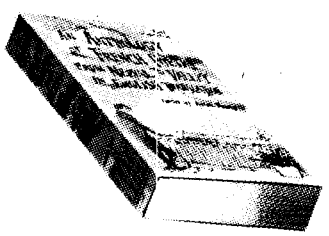

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and international needs. As for our industrial system, it is degrading in its impact on human beings, and will ultimately operate to destroy our basic values.

It is also time we stop patting ourselves on the back about our democracy. It is one thing to congratulate ourselves on it, but another to make certain we keep it. The American theory of democratic politics is rooted inalterably in the concept of an enlightened citizenry, but in fact that citizenry is becoming progressively unenlightened, an object for cynical manipulation by whatever power groups gain access to the channels of communication. We can go on declaiming "democracy, democracy" in incantatory tones for centuries, but if we are satisfied with that, if we ratify the existent merely because of its name, we will someday be left with nothing but the name. The government itself will be something else entirely. Even today, the "work of God" that our leaders mumble magic passes over is functioning with difficulty. Our survival as a nation is at stake, but we show signs of being unable to make any but the most elementary political choices except by executive (or judicial) fiat, while a top-heavy bureaucracy threatens to conceal the very processes of the government from the electorate it is supposed to represent. What is happening is painfully obvious: the world-wide tendency—that we find so repellent elsewhere—to centralize political power away from its legitimate source in the people, is being accelerated in the heartland of representative government.

These are not just irrelevant isolated matters. They are all part of the same unpleasant truth, and it's one that must be faced. There is a persistent depersonalization of human relationships through all our society, and the result, evident wherever we look around us, is the unmistakable spread of moral and cultural decay.

It ought to be impossible for any reasonably intelligent person to believe for five minutes in all the weary clichés about progress, and the faith of a democratic people. Reading between the lines of our public discussion today, it is clear that reasonably intelligent persons *are* in fact beginning to see our situation as it really is. But though we see glimpses of the truth, we refuse to let ourselves believe it. This is a condition that cannot be sustained for long. It is getting to be crucially necessary that we reconcile what we believe—and how we act—with what we see about us, no matter how many time-honored slogans have to be thrown overboard in the process. I will admit unhesitatingly that I do not know what has to be done, or can be. But some basic changes will have to be made, and the prerequisite for discovering what they are is to recognize the need for them. We cannot rely on history to do the job. As a first step in this direction I would suggest that we have little further need for the kind of social "protest" we have been getting lately. Criticism is next to useless when it tacitly acquiesces in the view that the system is in fine shape, while at the same time imploring us to stop conforming, or be cultured, or play the game, or—chiefly—do nothing at all.

At this point, even silence might be preferable. At least it won't confuse the issues. Leave the defense of the *status quo* to those who have a vested interest in defending it. They don't need any help. The rest of us would do much better to keep the genuine radical values of our culture undiluted, unmoderated, and morally intransigent. If we permit even radicalism to be assimilated into the "American way of life"—if we lose sight of the essential contradictions between them—then the way-of-lifers, the pietists of technology, the great faceless moderate mob, will be unopposed, and whatever slight hope for real change there is now may be closed out. In such an event, Mr. Chase's "rising republic" will be nothing to look forward to.

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Waugh a la *Proust*

by Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

It is always a puzzle why some English novelists succeed in breaking the transatlantic sound barrier, and others fail. Is it a problem of the critics, or of the readers, or of the writer himself? Anthony Powell is a case in point. Of contemporary English writers, he is by all odds the least appreciated in the United States. The publication of his most recent novel has produced the usual crop of befuddled and irrelevant notices. These reviews should discourage no one from reading a novelist who is as acute, controlled and witty as anyone writing on either side of the Atlantic.

At Lady Molly's, by Anthony Powell (Little, Brown; $3.75).

Mr. Powell is no recent arrival; his first novel, *Afternoon Men*, was published as long ago as 1931. Coming three years after *Decline and Fall* and a year after *Vile Bodies*, *Afternoon Men* was obviously influenced by Waugh and to a degree, perhaps by the Hemingway of *The Sun Also Rises*; yet its evocation of the seedy sherry parties, shabby mews flats, awful country weekends and casual sex of London's upper Bohemia had a distinctive dry irony of its own. But the book was considered too much in the Waugh vein; and the evident affinity has haunted Powell all his life. His next novel, *Venusberg*, was a comic and poignant translation of British types and ironies to a mythical Baltic state. Unfortunately it collided in 1932 with *Black Mischief*, where Waugh undertook the same experiment in an African setting; and Waugh's more lurid imagination, greater audacity and deeper moral intensity combined then, as later, to keep Powell in the background.

In 1933 came *From a View to a Death*, the masterpiece of Powell's early period; and one of the few great comic novels of the century. It has been, I believe, a seminal work, affecting the tone as well as the technique of subse-

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quent British social comedy. Here Powell achieved or refined a variety of effects later employed by Waugh (a Powell admirer, if in the end a more original writer) and by Kingsley Amis (who has written, "I would rather read Mr. Powell than any English novelist now writing") — the precise, deadpan description of increasingly dotty scenes, the complex and sardonic use of slapstick, and, in the case of Waugh, the readiness to grapple in a comic novel with poverty, madness and death. Arthur Zouch, the bearded artist who sees himself privately as a superman, is a remarkable invention: cut Zouch in two and the role-taking half becomes Lucky Jim, making his demonic faces; the arty half is Jim's foil, Bertrand, Amis' bearded painter. The funny and terrible scene when Major Fosdick, surprised in his amiable afternoon practice of dressing in a sequin gown and a picture hat, puffs away at his pipe and desperately conducts a calm conversation about real estate, equals anything in Waugh. The moronic but cunning Orphans in *From a View to a Death* seem to prefigure the evacuees of *Put Out More Flags*. Above all, Powell's boldness in ending a comic novel with tragedy which, once the reader confronts it, seems to proceed inexorably from everything that went before, gave contemporary social comedy a new dimension—as Waugh showed the following year in *A Handful of Dust* (and as Mary McCarthy recently sought to demonstrate in *A Charmed Life*).

Agents and Patients in 1936, a skillful but minor novel, put Powell back into the Waugh slot; and *What's Become of Waring* in 1939 was his one clear failure. Then, for over a decade he published no novels at all. Finally, with *A Question of Upbringing* in 1951 Powell began the series he has called *The Music of Time*. *A Buyer's Market* followed the next year. *The Acceptance World* in 1955, and now *At Lady Molly's* makes the fourth volume.

The Music of Time is an ambitious undertaking. As the title suggests, Powell has been profoundly influenced by Proust. His narrator, Nicholas Jenkins, jogged by *petites madeleines* of his own, recalls pivotal moments of his past beginning with school days just after the First World War. But Jenkins is not so much a protagonist in himself as he is the medium through which a succession of fantastic characters and scenes are wittily and searchingly perceived. The figures of the book disappear and reappear almost as in a ritual dance; one has a certain sympathy for reviewers tackling *At Lady Molly's* without having read its predecessors (but then what business have such in reviewing it?). So the extraordinary Widmerpool grows from a clumsy lout at school to an ambitious and preposterous figure in the City, endowed in *At Lady Molly's* with a tragi-farcical love affair. A collection of lesser figures, brilliantly rendered, move in and out. The tone is more composed and meditative than the earlier Powell novels; the technique is a minute analysis of single episodes rather than a brisk procession of blackouts. The work is a fugue in which, as the present provokes floods of memory from the past, themes contrapuntally rise and die away.

The Acceptance World is probably the best of the series; *A Question of Upbringing* is plainly the least successful. With *At Lady Molly's*, which is extremely good, *The Music of Time* reaches the year 1934, which must be about midstream; internal evidence suggests that Powell plans to bring his characters into the Second World War. The work as a whole presents a vivid portrait—at once hilarious and melancholy—of the aimlessness of a part of the British upper class, social and intellectual, in the years between the wars—a study, the narrator himself suggests, "in the general disintegration of society in its traditional form." The depression, Nazism, Communism are persistent offstage presences without distorting the fabric of the narrative. I know of nothing which evokes so penetratingly the condition of this segment of England in the thirties.

But Powell is no realist, except in the Henry James sense. Time and memory thus become his natural medium; he is fascinated by the way what actually exists is so often less real than what exists in the mind. "It was his imaginary picture of her that was real," he wrote of an unsatisfactory love affair as long ago as *Afternoon Men*, "and her own reality the illusion." And again, in *The Acceptance World*: "There is always a real and an imaginary person you are in love with: sometimes you love one, sometimes the other." And all is given a unity by the pervading sense of the circularity of perceptions projected out of time.

The Music of Time has not been a success in America. Its four volumes have been published by three different publishers. Powell's earlier works have done no better. In 1952 Periscope-Holiday republished *Venusberg* and *Agents and Patients* in a single volume; this, I understand, has sold only about two thousand copies. That brilliant and memorable book *From a View to a Death* seems never to have been published here. Yet a writer like C. P. Snow, with his laborious and flat pseudo-Galsworthian Lewis Eliot series, commands both critical attention and a growing popular audience in the United States. I do not know the answer; maybe Evelyn Waugh is all that America can take in the form of ironic comedy. But those who have a taste for something more are urged to try Anthony Powell.

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ART

Young American Painters

If I had to guess at the number one problem confronting young American painters these days, I'd say it is that of keeping faith with the paint, the whole paint and nothing but the paint and at the same time talking sense to the American people. There are no easy solutions. On the one hand, the older American painting that did talk sense has been systematically discredited. On the other, the whole-paint boys who got there first pretty speedily discovered and copyrighted the limited possibilities of the approach.

Floating around the country right now and through the spring is an exhibition that offers a few answers and is as good an indication as any of the probable course of our painting in the immediate future. The show is the "New Talent" annual circulated by the American Federation of Arts in cooperation with *Art in America* magazine.

The scope of the show contains a moral lesson itself. Not painting only but art at large is the range. This is a commendable idea but the execution probably leaves sculpture, prints and drawings worse off than if they'd been ignored. Direct work in metal and the elimination of the costly process of casting have brought on a lot of new sculpture in this country and a lot more of it is worth-while than you'd guess from the show. The answer, of course, is the familiar demon of sculpture, freight rates. The work included is almost all small, whereas much of the work being done is of fair to very big size. This inevitable slight is compounded by the presence of a number of paintings that are really outlandishly big. There would seem to be less excuse for the same treatment given to prints, but the source of the trouble here is probably the old conviction that the print is a minor art form and no matter what anyone does with it, it would have been better if he'd painted it.

In the small sculpture Jean-Paul Darriau's work in bronze stands out. "Bandaged Hero," a straightforward monumentally conceived head has something of the feeling Joseph Hirsch got in his paintings of war veterans. Two drawings by Harold Altman are lovely things; the endless scratching of steel or reed pens produces figures and places out of the movement itself; the manner is analogous to the emergence of Rouen Cathedral or Waterloo Bridge from Monet's endless stroking.

But the paintings are the show and the majority of them are clearly efforts to be paint and all that and still say something about something other than paint and the painter's frenzied joy at having buckets of the lovely stuff at his disposal.

At one extreme is Stanley Twardowicz. His No. 6 is pure Rorschach, a fancy blob of red and black on white. The only response requested is: By George, it's paint. Twardowicz' No. 2 is something more, adding strong design and the melodramatic use of color. Great vertical bars of black form a ground on the six foot work. Between them a lurid green light seeps through and just below center a rectangle of boiling reds and blues appears. There's a touch of the old Caligari here and the total effect is as if Sam Francis, the infernal wallpaper man, had suddenly discovered design, but even if a painter is trying to scare the pants off you, it shows he knows you're there and is not totally bemused by Grumbacher's—or Sherwin & Williams' —a garden of delights.

Elmer Bischoff, a Californian, is on board with "Man and Lavender Sky," a painting I saw a year or so ago and liked very much. I like it even more now. A lonely figure in a glowing green sweater is posed against that kind of indefinite landscape that the new painting is admirably equipped to handle. The opalescent modulations of land and big sky, done roughly, somehow achieve the surrealist loneliness a lot more effectively than the more finished painting of the surrealists ever did. There's light on the unmarked face and an inspired line of light down the inside of the forearm that heightens the whole work.

When Italians, Germans, Frenchmen, Jews and East Europeans so readily surrender their national identities in the New World, I can't explain why Orientals cling so to theirs, but they do. And a good thing, too. Tadashi Sato, a native of Hawaii, adds his ethnic heritage to the mixture of paint and the world that characterizes the show and the result is beautiful. "Composition" is a sea of even, gray-green brush strokes of white, as if a horizon, having at the bottom half a dozen connected black lines as if a branch floating in quiet water.

An obvious but nevertheless effective bridge between the new paint and the old world is constructed by Jon Schueler. "The Lake" pays homage to the last days of Claude Monet, with paint and water surface coexisting, but "Yellow Sky" is Schueler's own. I took a country walk recently and found myself at the bottom of a ravine looking up through shimmering leaves of all colors and sizes toward the sky. Take away the branches and that's just about what Schueler has created, with individual paint strokes in for individual leaves. All paint and all forest and all fine.

On the large side are two first-rate paintings, Al Blaustein's "Galleria, Naples," and Anne Poor's "Family at the Castello." Blaustein floods those high Romanesque arches with golden light and a golden, indistinguishable throng. Poor's people are linear and isolated one from another in terms of light and dark with an Italian hill town, itself a reasonably sized and evocative painting, seen through the window.

For myself the real discovery in the show is John Laurent. His "Sea Gull's Skull" is a mildly abstract bundle of bones plummeting down the painting between black night and brown beach with the faintest of bloodstains documenting death.

In a preface to the show, Harvard Arnason writes, "there is little evidence of any waning vitality in abstract-expressionism." It's a matter a definition. If abstract expressionism includes the clear concern with the visible world here evident, I'm for it.

Frank Getlein

Notes on Contributors

PHILIP GREEN is a fellow at Princeton's Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs. PAUL PETRIE is a young Midwestern poet. ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR. is Professor of American History at Harvard and a Pulitzer Prize-winning historian.

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THEATRE

Rake's Progress

OFTEN awkward and wordy, always in need of editing, Eugene O'Neill's plays still pack more power per scene than the works of any other American dramatist living or dead. And in O'Neill's last play, *A Touch of the Poet*, which is technically better than many of his earlier things, his power and greatness are abundantly evident.

This play is the first of what was to be a series of dramas tracing the history of an Irish-American family from 1828 to the present. It concerns Cornelius Melody, his wife and daughter, all newly immigrated to America and settled outside Boston.

A Touch of the Poet, by Eugene O'Neill (Helen Hayes Theatre); *Handful of Fire*, by N. Richard Nash (closed).

Con Melody is no potato famine bog-trotter. He was—as he tells anyone who cannot avoid listening—born in a castle, educated as a seigneur, and a heroic major in Wellington's army. But what Melody does not say, will not admit, is that his father was born in a hut and grew rich through sharp practices; that his wife was a peasant; that Melody had to marry her; and that all of Ireland knew it. He has come to America to start life anew as a gentleman — his favorite word—but the shrewd Yankees, having separated him from his money, now shun him. Hopelessly in debt, Con Melody exists as the owner of a failing inn where his wife is a drudge and his daughter a slavey. Nothing is left to him but his foppish clothes, his scarlet officer's uniform, his beautiful thoroughbred mare and his boorish pretensions of gentility. Given to drink and narcissism, most of his time is spent addressing his reflection in sloppy, self-delusive soliloquies.

It is only when his daughter falls in love with the son of a rich Yankee and when the boy's aristocratic parents—unimpressed by the major's windy airs and graces—treat him as a common poseur, ignore his hollow offers of a dowry and finally order him from their elegant house, that the bubble bursts and Con Melody is able to stop living in the seedy grandeur of his fictitious past to face life in the New World as the bogus, boozy old mick he really is. It's strong stuff.

Eric Portman, though not always intelligible, is equally odious and pathetic as the self-centered homemade dandy. As his inexplicably adoring slattern of a wife, Helen Hayes is wonderfully heartbreaking, while Kim Stanley brings youth and fire to Sara Melody, the rebellious daughter. Betty Field is an elegantly good article as the worldly, aristocratic mother of Sara's Yankee lover and the rest of the ten-character cast is equally good.

Harold Clurman's direction of O'Neill while perhaps not as deft as that of Jose Quintero or Carmen Capalbo, is more than enough to bring his four stars and the playwright into sharp focus. After that, they take over for a big evening of real O'Neill fireworks.

HARDLY anyone cared for *Handful of Fire*, the N. Richard Nash play that opened and closed at the Martin Beck Theatre. Laid in a Mexican border town, it dealt mainly with the forces of Good and Innocence as against those of Evil and Corruption—a theme that *sounds* a great deal more interesting than it usually is.

Briefly, the play took up the love of Pepe, an unskilled village boy, for Maria, the physically soiled but spiritually pure mistress of the town's vice lord and uncontested boss. The speeches, delivered in various Mexican accents (most of ze time), struck me as needlessly heavy on symbolism, often embarrassing and—although this could not have been anyone's intention — a trifle patronizing. And the whole production, staged as it was in Jo Mielziner's overpowering, steppy set, frequently brought to mind those photographs of Brave New Experiments so beloved by the editors of *Theatre Arts Monthly* during the thirties.

Roddy McDowall, James Daly, Joan Copeland and — most especially — Kay Medford all did their excellent best. But, in spite of some big moments, I found *Handful of Fire* tedious, arty and, I am afraid, rather old-fashioned.

PATRICK DENNIS

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

in knowing some of the reasons for my position.

While I profoundly respect the high purposes of the sponsors of the tax-cut proposal, I feel it is inconsistent for Senate liberals to advocate simultaneously a whole host of measures to increase Federal expenditures and then also to propose drastic reductions in Federal revenues.

Liberals are advocating Federal aid to schools, Federal scholarship programs in the colleges, vastly increased spending on public works, higher pay for government employees, urban renewal and slum clearance, expanded research programs, a more generous standard of public assistance and old-age grants, increased foreign aid and mutual security, Federal loans for municipal facilities, higher unemployment compensation payments, Federal grants to economically-depressed communities, enlarged conservation projects in the National Parks and National Forests, a revival of the Civilian Conservation Corps, higher parity benefits for farmers, etc., etc.

All of these undertakings require many billions in Federal expenditures. What will be the impact on public opinion, among thoughtful citizens, if the advocates of such programs also sponsor at the same time broad and general reductions in Federal tax collections?

I fervently believe, and hope, that we shall elect a Democratic President of the United States in 1960. Do we want him to enter office committed to immense programs of beneficial Federal expenditures and also to wholesale tax cuts?

As a member of a special five-member subcommittee to consider the question of postage rates, I cast one of the deciding votes in favor of a bill to increase rates across the board in all classifications of mail. I did so because the Post Office was running a $700 million annual deficit while paying its own employees substandard wages. It seems to me that, sooner or later, liberals are going to have to face the fact that, in order to do good works and good deeds through government, a level of Federal revenues must be collected to meet these outlays. As the sponsor of legislation to raise the abysmally-low pay of postal employees, I would have been ashamed to tell them that I was afraid to increase postage rates to the point where their salary adjustments might be substantially financed out of departmental revenues, rather than from general taxes or a treasury deficit covered by adding more bonds to the public debt.

Surely *The New Republic* does not think that we can greatly increase Federal spending at one end of the spectrum, while Federal revenues are simultaneously reduced at the other end! Or, is this possible by some feat of legerdemain?

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER
United States Senator from Oregon

The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less lend themselves to publication more readily than longer letters.

► *Strategy for Non-Communists*

SIRS:

IN his article, "A Strategy for Non-Communists" (*NR*, September 15), Lord Lindsay says that discussion of German unification must go back to the underlying basic questions: what standards and what sort of evidence can show whether or not a regime is justified in claiming to represent the people over whom it rules?

I suggest that the West think twice before it opens such a discussion. The idea of a legitimacy test for governments seems, at first blush, like a tailor-made piece of anti-Communist strategy. But what happens if, as is most probable, a large number of governments in the so-called Free World fail to pass the test—say, in Formosa, or South Korea, or Algeria, or Cyprus, or South Africa, or the Central African Federation, etc.?

I am a little astonished to see Lord Lindsay's article in the *NR*. Behind all the talk is one idea, popular in the State Department and a very few other quarters, but hardly to be taken seriously by anyone else. It is that the world is divided up into Communist bad guys, anti-Communist good guys, and a bunch of deluded suckers who can't tell the bad from the good. Our problem is to put the bad buys in a spot where they either have to start being good, or else show everyone just how very very bad they are. Simple.

The only trouble is that this is exactly what we have been trying to do for about twelve years now, and it doesn't work. It doesn't work, not only because it is inappropriate to the facts of the situation, but because as a strategy it is so painfully obvious. I can't remember a conference in the last ten years in which it was not clear to most of the world from the beginning that what the West most feared was Communist agreement. No; there are a few exceptions, like the recent conference, or UN session, on the Middle East. The ease with which we can reach agreements under such conditions merely confirms the strong suspicion of the uncommitted peoples that the West could arrive at many more such agreements, including those covering disarmament, if it wanted to.

That it does not want to, and why it does not, is made most clear by Dulles' recent remark, which did not go unnoticed in the world, that while he was sure the West could win a hot war he was not sure they could win the cold one. Against such a backdrop talk like Lord Lindsay's is merely silly.

JOHN C. HOLT II
Boston, Mass.

► *The Words of the Master*

SIRS:

FOR SOME TIME there has been a suspicion among the laity that Frank Lloyd Wright is less architect than medicine-man, skillfully purveying to the unwary his special brand of snake oil. At last the suspicion seems confirmed, and on the best of authority—the words of the Master himself (*NR*, September 8):

> We use steel suspended in strands for its tensile strength, buried in concrete for its compression strength.

This statement can not be passed over as a slip of the tongue, for Wright is making a special point of explaining the contrast between two directly *opposite* uses of steel. Of course, as anyone but the Swami knows, steel is used for its tensile strength in both instances.

This astonishing bit of revelation may have its uses if it serves to abate only a little the unreasoning adulation so universally accorded Frank Lloyd Wright. It could well do so and yet leave undisturbed his rightful and important status as one of the great movers and shakers of his profession.

N. M. LANG
Vancouver, B. C.

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